THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1904

SHALL THE ORPHAN INDIAN KEEP HIS LAND.

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON.

Photos by Lee Moorhouse

Tow-a-Toi, a Cayuse Chief. Sunset After the Council. Whirlwind.

No Shirt and Squaw. No Shirt and Squaw to Left; White Man (Crewdson) Center; Tow-a-Toi to Right.

BLESSED is he who giveth away what he hath, but if he keeps it up he'll pretty soon starve.

The Indian has given away nearly all of his land. Shall the white man cheat him out of the few small patches he has left?

The land steals in the Indian Territory are nothing new. Ever since Columbus struck these shores the Indian has been the victim of the swindler. Is'nt it time to stop this thieving?

I went to see Chief No-Shirt many times during my stay with the Umatillas, Cayuses and Wallulas, who had come together in a village on their joint reservation near Pendleton, Ore., to hold their midsummer powwow. I had nearly always gone alone, but this time Whirlwind, medicine man of the Umatillas, in whose tepee I had slept, went with me. I had come to bid farewell to No-Shirt.

On my previous visits this old chief had been distant. A look of distrust lurked in his eye again this time. But he warmed when I said to him through Whirlwind (for No-Shirt knew little English): "I have come to tell you good-bye and thank you for the kind way your people treat me. I sleep in their tepees. I eat their fish. They are good to me. Now I go back east. What must I tell white man for you?"

Whirlwind told No-Shirt that "she (he would persist in calling me a she) make him big newspapers." Then the chief of the allied tribes, after speaking a few words to Whirlwind, said to me: "You tell him great Father Roosevelt in Washington we want to keep our lands."

No-Shirt, Whirlwind and other Indians in the tepee parleyed awhile, evidently discussing me. Then the chief, reaching behind him where he sat, opened an old Hudson Bay company trunk and took out some papers. He handed them to me. But before I read them the old chief, whose hair was streaked with gray, sat straight up and, taking a stick, made some marks on the ground.

"One time," said he, following his words by signs and pointing with his stick from place to place on the crude map he had drawn, "one time all land Injun land—from big water where sun go down to high mountains east. Heap hunt. Heap buffalo. Heap deer. Heap fish. Grass high. Pony fat. Heap all. White man come. We give him eat; we give him pony. White man come. He take our land. Bimeby white man have him big land. Injun little speck here, little speck there—reservation. You tell him great Father Roosevelt in Washington we want we keep our land."

These few simple words moved me to such pity for the Indians as I had never before felt. And I told them about Columbus and more of the story than they knew of how little by little the redskin had been pushed back until "bimeby white man have him big land, Injun little speck."

Then I read the papers. The first was about the allotment of lands under an act of congress in 1885 that provided that when an allotment was made to the Indians they should not sell their land for twenty-five years, and that it should not be taxed during that time. Each man, woman or child was to receive eighty acres. "When each man got his own land," said Whirlwind, "we have 1,250 Injun."

The second paper was a copy of a letter containing a speech of No-Shirt which he had sent to the department of the interior. It gives in Indian words the mind of the wise heads among the Indians on the land question. You may read it in full, for No-Shirt trusted me to take the paper of state to town and make a copy:

Council Room, Umatilla Agency, Ore., May 18, 1903.

At a council of Indians this day held the following were agreed to by those signing their names, and they desire that the same be transcribed and sent, one copy to the secretary of the interior and one copy to the commissioner of Indian affairs.

No-Shirt spoke for the Indians as follows:

"We desire to write to Washington and to get an answer right away. All the Indians have agreed not to sell any of their land, because they desire to save it for their children. We love our land here as we love our God. As long as the land lasts we will never sell a piece. We like to stay together and keep our land. All the Indians have the same heart here today.

"When we had a big council here long ago they promised us no land would be sold for twenty-five years. At that time the law provided for no sales for twenty-five years, and we followed the law and its promises. We were then told if any one dies, his land will go to his children and cannot be sold till the full time is passed. They must have an agreement with us on paper in Washington to that effect yet. We are still of the same mind and will never sell any more of our land.

"We think that White Bull and Isidore were either drunk or crazy when they got up the petitions to sell their lands.

"We desire to know if William A. Jones is still commissioner, and if he is, we want to send this to him to stop these sales, as we don't want any of our inherited lands sold. Then he can hand our communication to the secretary, or better yet, we will have one copy sent to the commissioner and another to the secretary.

"I am sure all those present agree to what I have just said on this matter."

The following Indians have signed their names hereto to signify their concurrence in No-Shirt's remarks:

No-Shirt.	Ya-teen.
John Shom-kane.	Wat-a-low-wit.
Charley Shapish.	Taw-a-toy.
Peo-peo-tow-yash.	To-ts-lap.
Sheo-ships.	Tin-tin-mete-se.
Luke Minthorn.	Peter Kalyton.
Po-wau-kee.	Rap-l-tash.
Pe-wap-tse-ow.	Little George.
Sha-la-we-tsima-nin.	Motanic.
Robinson Minthorn.	Long Hair.
Peo.	Nuk-tik-she-ma.
Phillip Minthorn.	Kutch-kutch-wap-tis.
U-ma-pine.	Yet-ta-ma-nag-et.
Little Hawk.	Spokane Jim.
Pach-why-yum.	William Hall.
Peter Sheial.	Tow-etom-i-ax-ta.
Toits-oukt.	Narcisse Bushman.
Ya-mow-it.	
Kas-larkin.	

"Two moons ago I send him this paper to Washington. No answer," said No-Shirt. "McKinley all right; very sorry when he die. Roosevelt all right; Commissioner Jones pooty good; he send him back letter slow. Bad man in Pendleton close home—him all same rattlesnake."

It was explained to me that some of the Indians to whom the allotment was made had died, and that their heirs had been induced by scheming whites to sell their birthrights. This the wise men of the tribes wanted to prevent; because, as No-Shirt said, "White man get him part Injun land now—little time get him all."

Then No-Shirt knew that the Indian was not good at making a trade with the "Boston man"—so calls the redskin the white. He told me about an Indian on the Puyallup reservation. A white man who kept a saloon got this Indian to swap his land for the bar room. The saloon keeper valued his liquors and fixtures at $1,800. The Indian, looking with envy upon the white apron, gave his 160 acres of fine land for the grog shop. Deeds were signed. That night the new owner asked all the Indians on the reservation to come in to his opening. They drank all of the liquor and in a drunken brawl smashed glasses, bottles, mirror—everything. The next morning, having neither land nor furniture left—only a sheet of paper with writing on it—the Indian tore up the deed and became the ward of his brethren.

I promised No-Shirt that I would "make him big newspaper" about his land and tell President Roosevelt that he mustn't let any of the Indians sell their pastures. Then he said: "You come tomorrow—we make you chief."

Vain like most other people for the unconstitutional title, I went the next day to No-Shirt's tepee to receive the honors he would thrust upon me. The three leaders of the tribes were there—Whirlwind, Tow-a-toi, No-Shirt.

Whirlwind came dressed in the garb of the Medicine Man. His fearless face bespoke honesty; his firm-set mouth showed that he had a will. He had been an old scout. He wore a buckskin jacket fringed at the bottom and decorated with pendants of ermine—just as fine as King Edward wore at his coronation. His headgear was made of feathers, more strips of ermine and a pair of horns. In his hand he carried a staff from which eagle quills flapped. "What is this for?" I asked, touching the fluttering wand. "I touch man with this," replied Whirlwind, "I say, 'You dead;' that kill him."

On the red foreband of the skin coronet of Tow-a-toi shone glittering gilded discs. In this hand he carried a fox skin. Although he was part white, his features were not so frank as Whirlwind's; they showed the blood of the wily Cayuse people over whom he was chief. He was a grandson of Dr. McKay, who, before Oregon belonged to the United States, was the head man of the Hudson Bay company. At the outbreak of the Cayuse war in '55 Tow-a-toi's full blood Indian grandmother, the wife of Dr. McKay, took her girl papoose, who afterward became the mother of Tow-a-toi, fled to the Flathead country and remained there with her until she was too old to go to school. The sons of Dr. McKay each got an education and became civilized, but their sister, although half white, married a full blood Indian and always wore the blanket.

The first time I had seen No-Shirt he wore—in spite of his name—a blue shirt, a black vest, white man's breeches and a bread, stiff-brimmed black hat. But now he had donned his war bonnet, from the back of which there streamed—from his head to his heels—a row of eagle feathers, which, as he stood up, stuck straight out. In No-Shirt's face there was no more distrust; his look was dignified and candid.

Thus rigged out, the three chiefs called me up before a tepee full of their people, and, to the beating of tom-toms, Whirlwind touched me on the shoulder with his feather wand and said: "You come; you see my people. You sleep my tepee. You eat him my salmon. You make him good newspaper. You friend my people. I make you Umatilla chief. I give you for name Waptus-Tushtee—white man language, High Eagle."

No-Shirt, to show me that he was a good fellow, took from his war bonnet a small, crescent-shaped ornament covered with brass-headed tacks, to each tip of which were tied small strips of ermine and a white, downy eagle feather. Making two holes, big enough for a June bug to crawl through, in my new derby, he tied on to the side of it with leather strings this insignia of office. And then, childlike, he asked me to send him a present. I now hold an express receipt for a bass drum, "all same Salvation Army," an accordion and a tambourine, and with them, I fancy, my friends and fellow chieftains, Whirlwind, Tow-a-toi and No-Shirt, will make many a night howl. The hat I wore—feathers and all—the days that I remained in the village, and I now guard as a priceless treasure the plumes from No-Shirt's crown.

The pow-wow over and some pictures made, I went outside the tepee. I looked down the long row of tapering wigwams. Happy groups of redmen clustered here and there. I peeped in upon one family, and there sat a young brave, painting the scalp of his girlish squaw. A warm love glow lit her eyes. I said in my heart, "I would not disturb the peaceful life of the Indian. He is simple, but he can feel; he ought to have at least justice."

First—The Indian is a human being. He has rights, at least the rights of an orphan. We must care for him if he can't care for himself. This he cannot do if he has to dealw ith the sharp white man.

Second—The Indian is patient. Their plaints are not heard as they should be; else why did a business letter to the government, such as I have quoted, go unanswered for sixty days?

Third—The Indian is a child. He will swap his birthright for a toy. He has faith in people. Give him the right to sell the land he has and he won't have either his land or his money long. The next step is the poorhouse—just a reservation—so what is the use of changing him from one reservation to another? He has been shoved around too much already.

Fourth—We strive to save the buffalo, a mere beast. Then should we not also try to keep the few redmen we have left? Their number each year is growing less. We have more foreign convicts in our prisons than we have native Indians on our reservations.

True, they have made war against us, but they have also been our friends. They had valleys in which they wanted their ponies, not ours, to graze; forests in which they wished to shelter game for their feasts, and streams in which they would fish. They fought to keep them. How quickly we boiled over to fight when England wanted to get into Venezuela even. If self-protection and the Monroe doctrine are good things for the white man, why should they not be for the red?

Then what must we do with the Indian? As he is now self-supporting from the rents of his land, let us not only continue to teach him to use the plow, but let us, as many a man fearful for the welfare of his children wills his fortune so they cannot squander it, tie upon our red wards the lands he now has, forever and a day.

THE HUNGRY BIBLIOMANIAC

THE GENIAL IDIOT

By John Kendrick Bangs

"Well, old man," said the Poet as the Idiot entered the breakfast room on the morning of Valentine's day, "how did old St. Valentine treat you? Any results worth speaking of?"

"Oh, the usual lay out," returned the Idiot, laughingly. "Nine hundred and forty-two passionate declarations of undying affection from unknown lady friends in all part of the civilized world; 1,325 highly colored but somewhat insulting intimations that I had better go way back and sit down from hitherto unsuspected gentlemen friends scattered from Maine to California; one small can of salt marked 'St. Valentine to the Idiot,' with sundry allusions to the proper medical treatment of the latter's freshness, and a small box containing a rubber bottle stopper labeled 'Cork up and bust.' I can't complain."

"Well, you did come in for your share of it, didn't you?" said Mr. Brief.

"Yes," said the Idiot, "I think I got all that was coming to me, and I wouldn't have minded it if I hadn't had to pay $3 over-due postage on 'em. I don't bother much if some anonymous chap off in the wilds of Kalikajoo takes the trouble to send me a funny picture of a monkey grinding a hand organ with 'the loving regards of your brother,' or if somebody else who is afraid of becoming too fond of me sends me a horse chestnut with a line to the effect that here is one I haven't printed, I don't feel like getting mad; but when I have to pay the postage on the plaguey things it strikes me it is rubbing it in a little too hard, and if I could find two or three of the senders I'd spend an hour or two of my time banging their heads together."

"I got off pretty well," said the Bibliomaniac. "I only got one valentine, and though it cast some doubt upon the quality of my love for books, I found it quite amusing. I'll read it to you."

Here the Bibliomaniac took a small paper from his pocket and read the following lines:

The Hungry Bibliomanic.

If only you would cut your books
As often as your butter,
When people ask you what's inside
You wouldn't sit and sputter.
The reading that hath made you full,
The reading that doth chain you
Is not from books, or woman's looks
But fresh from off the menu.

"What do you think of that?" asked the Bibliomaniac with a chuckle, as he folded up his valentine and stowed it away in his pocket once more.

"I think I can spot the sender," said the Idiot, fixing his eye sternly upon the Poet. "It takes genius to get up a rhyme like 'menu' and 'chain you,' and I know of only one man at this board or at any other who is equal to the task."

"If you mean me," retorted the Poet flushing, "you are mightily mistaken. I wouldn't waste a rhyme like that on a personal valentine when I could tack it on the end of a sonnet and go out and sell it for two-fifty."

"Then you didn't do it, eh?" demanded the Idiot.

"No. Did you?" asked the Poet, with his eyes twinkling.

"Sir," said the Idiot, "If I had done it would I have had the unblushing effrontery to say as I just now did say, that its author was a genius?"

"Well, we're square, anyhow," said the Poet. "You cast me under suspicion to begin with, and it was only fair that I should whack back. I got a valentine myself, and I suspect it was from the same hand. It runs like this:

To the Minor Poet.

You do not pluck the fairy flowers
That bloom on high Parnassus;
Nor do you gather thistles like
Some of those mystic asses
Who browse about old Helicon
In hope to fill their tummies:
Yours rather are those dandy-lines—
Gilt topped chrysanthemumsies—
Quite pleasant stuff
That ends in fluff—
Yet when they are beholden
Make all the world look golden.

"Well," ejaculated the Idiot. "I don't see what there is in that to make you angry. Seems to me there's some very nice compliments in that. For instance, your stuff when 'tis

'beholden

Makes all the world look golden,

according to your anonymous correspondent. If he'd been vicious he might have said something like this:

'—withal so supercilious

They make the whole earth bilious'."

The Poet grinned. "I'm not complaining about it. It's a mighty nice little verse, I think, and my only regret is that I do not know who the chap was who sent it. I'd like to thank him. I had an idea you might help me," he said, with a searching glance.

"I will," said the Idiot. "If the man who sent you that ever reveals his identity to me I will tell him you felt all over yourself with joy on receiving his tribute of admiration. How did you come out, Doctor?"

"Oh, he remembered me, all right," said the Doctor. "Quite in the same vein, too, only not so complimentarily. He calls me 'The Humane Surgeon,' and runs into rhyme after this fashion:

O, Doctor Blank's a surgeon bold,
A surgeon most humane, sir;
And what he does is e'er devoid
Of ordinary pain, sir.
If he were called to amputate
A leg hurt by a bullet,
He wouldn't take a knife and cut—
But with his bill he'd pull it.

"He must have had some experience with you, Dostor," said the Idiot. "In fact, he knows you so well that I am inclined to think the writer of that valentine lives in this house, and it is just possible that the culprit is seated at this table at this moment."

"I think it very likely," said the Doctor, drily. "He's a fresh young man, five feet ten inches in height—"

"Pooh—pooh," said the Idiot. "That's the worst description of Mr. Brief I ever heard. Mr. Brief, in the first place, is not a young man, and he isn't fresh—"

"I didn't mean Mr. Brief," said the Doctor, significantly.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to intimate that Mr. Whitechoker, a clergyman, would stoop to the writing of such a rhyme as that," cried the Idiot. "People nowadays seem to me to be utterly lacking in that respect for the cloth to which it is entitled. Mr. Brief, if you really wrote that thing you owe it to Mr. Whitechoker to own up and thus relieve him of the suspicion the Doctor has so unblushingly cast upon him."

"I can prove an alibi," said the lawyer. "I could no more turn a rhyme than I could play Parsifal on a piano with one finger, and I wouldn't if I could. I judge from what I know of the market value of poems these days that that valentine of the Doctor's is worth about two dollars. It would take me a century to write it, and inasmuch as my time is worth at least five dollars a year, it stands to reason that I would not put in five hundred dollars' worth of effort on a two dollar job. So that lets me out. By the way, I got one of those trifles myself. Want to hear it?"

"I am just crazy to hear it," said the Idiot. "If any man has reduced you to poetry, Mr. Brief, he's a great man. With all your many virtues you seem to me to fit into a poetical theme about as snugly as an automobile with full power in a china shop. By all means let us have it."

"This modern St. Valentine of ours has reduced the profession to verse with a nicety that elicits my most profound admiration," said Mr. Brief. "Just listen to this:

The Lawyer is no wooer, yet
To sue us is his whim.
The Lawyer is no tailor, but
We get our suits from him.
The longest things in all the world—
They are the Lawyer's briefs.
And all the joys he gets in life
Are other people's griefs.
Yet spite of all the Lawyer's faults,
He's one point rather nice:
He'll not remain lest you retain,
And never gives advice.

"The author of these valentines," said the Doctor, "is to be spotted, the way I diagnose the case, by his desire that professional people should be constantly giving away their services. He objects to the doctor's bill and he slaps sarcastically at the lawyer because he doesn't give advice. That's why I suspect the Idiot. He's a professional Idiot, and yet he gives his idiocy away."

"When did I ever give myself away?" demanded the Idiot. "You are talking wildly, doctor. The idea of your trying to drag me into this thing is preposterous. Suppose you show down your valentine and see if it is in my handwriting."

"Mine is typewritten," said the Doctor.

"So is mine," said the Bibliomaniac.

"Mine, too," said the Poet.

"Same here," said Mr. Brief.

"Well, then," said the Idiot, "I'm willing to write a page in my own hand without any attempt to disguise it, and let any handwriting expert decide as to whether there is the slightest resemblance between my chirography and these type-written sheets you hold in your hand."

"That's fair enough," said Mr. Whitechoker.

"Besides," persisted the Idiot, "I've received one of the things myself, and it'll make your hair curl if you've got any. Typewritten like the rest of 'em. Shall I read it?"

By common consent the Idiot read the following:

Idiot, zany, brain of hare,
Dolt and noodle past compare,
Buncombe, bosh and verbal slosh,
Mind of nothing, full of josh,
Madman, donkey, dizzard-pate,
U. S. Zero Syndicate,
Stock as low as shins or steel,
Off his head and off his keel;
Dull, depressing, lack of wit,
Incarnation of the nit.
Minus, numbskull, driveling baby;
Greenhorn, dunce, and dotard Gaby;
All the queer and looney chorus
Found in old Roget's Thesaurus,
Flat and crazy through and through;
That, O Idiot—that is you.
Let me tell you, sir, in fine,
I won't be your Valentine.

"What do you think of that?" asked the Idiot when he had finished. "Wouldn't that jar you?"

"I think it's perfectly horrid," said Mrs. Pedagog. "Mary, pass the pancakes to the Idiot. Mr. Idiot, let me hand you a full cup of coffee. John, hand the Idiot the syrup. Why, how a thing like that should be allowed to go through the mails passes me."

And the others all agreed that the landlady's indignation was justified, because they were fond of the Idiot in spite of his faults. They would not see him abused, at any rate.

* * *

"Say, old man," said the Poet later. "I really thought you sent those other valentines until you read yours."

"I thought you would," said the Idiot. "That's the reason why I worked up that awful one on myself. That relieves me of all suspicion."

SAVE OUR STARVING BIRDS

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNE.

Our wild birds are dying by hundreds and thousands, and they are dying chiefly from lack of food. In many cases they are perishing literally from starvation, but more often the death is caused by cold which they could stand well enough if they were sufficiently fed. Every bird may be likened to a small furnace, the fuel for which is the food it eats, and the non-conductor, its covering of feathers. When there is plenty of fuel, the little furnace is warm—warmer by some degrees than a man or a horse—but when fuel becomes scarce the furnace burns low and presently goes out. When food is plentiful birds have little to fear from the most intense cold. A turkey buzzard which I have in captivity at this time is a case in point. This vulture is an inhabitant of the southern states, and seldom comes as far north as New York City even in summer or autumn. But the individual I have here has been exposed to biting winds when the thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero, yet he walked about in the snow, spread out his wings to the sun, and preened his plumage with as little concern as though he had been perched on a chimney in Charleston, S. C. The secret was simply an unfailing supply of food, which kept up the natural heat of the body.

The chief cause of the present great mortality among our birds at this time is the unusual amount of sleet and snow which have fallen this winter. Many of the birds depend for food entirely on the seeds which they gather from the tops of the weeds in the fields and along the roadsides, or which they pick up from the ground beneath these weeds. The snow has covered both the ground and the weed tops and cut off their food supply. The rest of the feathered population depend on berries and buds, or the insects' eggs, larvae, etc., which they gather from the trees. But the sleet has come, and the berries, buds and the tree trunks are sheathed in ice, and these birds, too, are dying. It is a sad fact that hundreds and thousands are already gone, but if we, who love them, will strive to prove our love at once, we may yet save many thousands more. The national committee of the Audubon has appealed to the country to feed our starving birds, and I know that in some sections there has been a hearty response. To those who have as yet done nothing, I take this opportunity to appeal again in the name of all lovers of birds—in the name of all kindly-hearted people who have sympathy for wild creatures in distress.

Perhaps the best and the quickest way to alleviate the suffering is through the children of the schools. Most of these children have an intelligent love for the birds, and will gladly give up an afternoon, or a day, for that matter, to assist in distributing food for their feathered friends. As my own first experience may be of assistance to those who desire to try a similar experiment, I will relate it. As soon as I knew how serious the conditions were, I wrote a letter to the local superintendent of schools, asking him to kindly co-operate with me in an effort to feed the birds in and around his town, by urging the boys in the public and high school to help in distributing food the next afternoon. I requested that all who could bring bird seed, grain, suet, bread or table scraps, or anything else which birds could eat, would do so, and that the others would come provided with bags or baskets to distribute such food as my friends and I would have ready for them. The letter was sent by a messenger, and in two hours I received word from the superintendent that thirty-four students from the high school would be at the school building and ready to assist me at half-past two on the following day. On my arrival I found the students awaiting me, provided with baskets of broken nuts, barn-floor sweepings, and all manner of bird food. The boys were divided into squads of four or five, under the leadership of one who knew well some particular bit of woodland or stretch of open country. There were eight squads, and they marched away in orderly fashion, each in a different direction, with instructions to cover about one-eighth of the country immediately surrounding the town. Each squad had at least one shovel, and in open places, such as fields and meadows, good generous spaces were cleared of snow and covered with seed and grain, scraps of meat and the like. Had the food been simply thrown on the surface of the snow, it would soon have been buried and inaccessible, but on bare ground in the middle of an otherwise snow-covered field, it attracted the attention of every passing bird.

In every squad there was at least one boy who could climb, and the suet, in generous lumps, was tied to the branches of trees where it was likely to attract the birds, but where it was quite out of the reach of any prowling cat.

The help which I received from the students of the Stoneham High school was cheerfully given and highly satisfactory, and I believe that similar help could be obtained anywhere in this country, by any one who would ask it in the name of our starving wild birds.